



He Is Not Here; He Is Risen

Holy Week in Rome

Wonderful Easter Services Held in Old St. Peter's

By Dora Greenwell McChesney

Inexhaustible in its mystic significance, the Holy Week in Rome, however familiar to the memory or imagination, still always a renewed wonder in those who witness it.

Above all else Rome is a city of memories. The walls and arches of imperial days, the Renaissance palaces, and the churches which mark every step in the long march from primitive Christianity to papal supremacy—these stamp themselves on the mind. The incongruous modern elements are as transitory in their impression as is the whirling dust from a motor car blown past the tombs on the Appian Way.

The walls of Aurelian, the statue of Marcus Aurelius, benignant on the capitol, the august disarray of the Forum—these are actual and imperishable. So, too, is the spacious splendor of St. Peter's, with its solemn sequence of ritual, in which, as the Holy Week advances, so mystic and superb a drama of divinity is enacted.

There are many moods in which to approach the great Easter services in the great papal city, from that of the devote to whom the ever-burning lamps round the apostle's tomb mark a spot only less sacred than that of the casual sight-seer, who flutters his Baedeker unabashed through the awful mystery of the mass. Perhaps these do not see least of the significance who look on the magnificent ceremonies with a haunting consciousness of Rome's twofold greatness, and who never quite lose sight of the city of the Caesars in the city of the saints.

It is impossible even to approach St. Peter's, where most of us choose to see the services, in spite of the rival claims of the Lateran, mother of churches—it is impossible to reach the curving colonnades and mighty front without passing by memorials of an earlier, hostile life and creed. Perhaps in driving thither the wanderer may catch a glimpse of the immortal pair, the Great Twin Brethren, who guard in stone the stairs to the capitol. Or, it may be, the shattered, majestic columns of the temple of Mars Ultor have lifted for a moment their stern memorial of Caesar's death and Augustus' vengeance.

Once within St. Peter's, however, conflicting memories fall away, lost, as is all sense of minor faults in the building itself, in the impression of vastness, of an all-enfolding and all-reconciling hospitality. That hospitality is taxed by the crowds which gather for the services of Holy Week. Palm Sunday initiates the series of elaborate ceremonies with its beautiful rite of blessing the palms. A motley throng it is which streams up the wide steps and gathers about the altar above which glows in a golden halo the holy dove. There are the foreign sight-seers, of course, made evident by their camp-stools and red guide-

books, but there are also soldiers in picturesque variety of uniform, priests wearing their black draperies in the classic folds which recall the toga, shepherds from the Campagna, bearded and wild-eyed in their sheepskins; pilgrims from far countries with the fixed visionary gaze of those who look on their sacred places after long desire.

Sacred indeed is the spot to those who hold the faith of Rome. In front of the high altar with its baldachin—the twisted bronze columns towering up superbly, yet dwarfed by the firmament of the dome above—burn the golden, never-dying lamps which mark the resting place, so tradition says, of the apostle.

But on Palm Sunday the attention is fixed on the altar in the Cappella Giulia, and the pressure of the eager people increases as the bas-reliefs of palms are set down by the altar stairs and the canons slowly move to their places. The priests are in violet, the Lenten color. The deep hue brightened by wonderful interweaving of gold and silver, and the crucifix on the altar is also violet-veiled. There is no organ music, and the deep notes of the chanting swell with a strange solemnity through the echoing vaults.

At last the solemn final word and gesture of blessing have been given, and one by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Then the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forward in great sheaves, and a priest in gold-embroidered violet robe holds out the silvery branches to the hands which reach and clutch for them, till all the nearest of the throng have received their portion and pass on twigs to those behind. Peace and blessing is that olive to bring to those who reverently receive the gleaming leaves. The distribution completed, the cardinal and canons with their attendant train move in stately procession down the church, out into the portico, and so back to the altar. They bear aloft, with the tall tapers and the shrouded crucifix, the golden palm branches; not simple boughs such as were cast

before Christ by the people of Jerusalem. These are fantastically dipped and twisted till they look more like furled standards, a significant touch in that church which is so ready to turn the martyr symbol into the conquering banner.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

FRIENDSHIP TRIBUTE.



Mrs. Hitt (trying her gorgeous Easter bonnet)—How do you like the effect?

Mrs. De Witt—Why, it's wonderful. You have the right idea. There's nothing like contrasts, is there?

Famed as Cat Photographer.

A Boston woman photographer makes a feature of her cat photographs and has an exhibition in her studio of the pampered cats of Back Bay that is attracting much attention. There are probably more of these pampered cats in Boston than in any other city in the country.

Quite the Reverse.

"Come into the dining-room, Mary, and get some of the sweets papa brought home."

"Thank you, but I have to go up stairs and take my bitters."

THE CHRIST

By Charles Eugene Banks

Upon a circle of the sands
That front the round, desiring sea,
I sit, alone with folded hands,
Thinking on Him of Galilee.

How like a perfect lily grows
His love in this o'er-selfish world,
Its glory no distinction knows
But is for all alike untold.

You trustful gull that rocking sleeps
Upon the heaving ocean's breast,
As closely in His heart He keeps
As we who have His name confessed.

The tiger in the jungle weaves
A perfect rosette on his coat,
And clear among the budding leaves
The wild bird spheres his liquid note.

The curving mountain ranges grace
The arching azure's magic rim,
And in the dewdrop's form I trace
The same perfection born of Him.

Enwrapped within its seed the rose
Awaited the word unquestioning
Till everywhere the buds unclose
In resurrection of the spring.

In Him is all the joy we know,
The way, the life, the final goal,
The fount of Love whose outward flow
Is never-ending birth of soul.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

How Trust-Busting President Subsumed to Power of Protected Interests.

When Attorney General Knox, the great trust lawyer, undertook to prosecute the beef trust and the railroad merger, every one but the combine magnates was delighted, and praised Mr. Roosevelt for doing something. When the injunction was obtained against the beef trust magnates, Armour, et al., commanding them not to disobey the law, and the order of the court to the Northern Securities company to disband that unholy alliance was procured, unthinking people said that trusts had at last found their master; but as the months rolled around, those corporations and combines still continued to do business at the old stands, and when Mr. Knox told the people that there would be "no running amuck against the trusts" there began to be doubts in many minds of the outcome; well-founded doubts, as the sequel has shown.

When congress ordered the secretary of commerce and labor to investigate the beef combine and the president ordered the bad trusts to be investigated so that "publicity" of their doings would warn the public whom to beware of, the hopes of the people revived. The trust magnates became restive and threatened to defeat Roosevelt for election. The magnates of the protected industries also threatened to defeat him, unless he declared for protection and "stood pat" like Hanna, instead of urging real reciprocity like McKinley.

The fate of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party in the ensuing election hung in the balance for weeks. On one side were the trusts with the money bags—on the other the people. What happened? Slowly, but surely, the trust side became the heavier. The trust-buster had succumbed to the threats of the corporation and combine magnates and the dial of progress was turned backward. The assistant trust-buster—Cortelyou, was made chairman of the Republican national committee, redolent with the perfume of trust secrets and anxious for the promised trust contributions to debauch the people who still were innocently believing the day of their salvation from trust plunderers was at hand.

Roosevelt, the arrogant, had chosen. He became as docile as the proverbial sucking dove. The big stick was laid away in cotton batting. The Republican candidate for president was tamed; and the trusts held the whip hand. Mr. Roosevelt was elected, the trusts have had free sailing for three years; and the trust high prices have continued.

Prosperity for the Few.

In spite of the panic and the prolonged business depression there are three institutions that have been remarkably prosperous during the past year. The First National bank, controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan, proposes to declare a special dividend of 100 per cent. The undivided profits of the bank are reported to the controller of the currency to be \$19,553,900, while the capital of the bank is \$10,000,000.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad reports the most prosperous year in the history of the company, the net earnings after paying all charges were \$10,089,328. The surplus was equal to 38.4 per cent. on the common stock and after payment of 20 per cent. in dividends still left \$4,849,328 surplus.

Another corporation, the Standard Oil trust, has paid dividends for the year of 40 per cent. and still has a vast surplus.

So here we have a bank, a railroad and a trust making millions for those who control them, while ordinary business men have found difficulty in securing the necessary funds to carry on their business and numbers have failed to keep their heads above the troubled business water. Such prosperity for the few at the expense of the many is the boasted Republican prosperity.

Reform Demanded.

Congressman Ashbrook of Ohio is a new Democratic member of the house of representatives, and is anxious for reform legislation. In a ten-minute speech—all the time the Republican managers would allow him—he read the memorial of the National Editorial association for the repeal of the tariff duty on print paper and wool pulp, which was signed and sent to members from every congressional district in the United States. But Mr. Ashbrook says he has discovered that the present congress "has time to burn, time to kill, that ought to be employed for the betterment of all the people and cease to be what it appears to be—a stand-pat, do-little bunch."

Yet many Republican editors support the do-nothing policy of this Republican congress for partisan purposes, while at the same time they memorialize congress to reform the wood and paper schedules of the tariff law that protects the paper trust.

Our Products Cheaper Abroad.

Five thousand tons of farming implements, comprising a full shipload, were shipped from Brooklyn recently, for distribution among sales depots in Russia. The cargo consisted of plows, harvesters, thrashing machines, cultivators, seeders, corn shuckers, incubators, cream-separating machines, and the like. The sad part of it is that these implements will be carried 8,000 or 10,000 miles and sold to Russian farmers for about one-third less than they will cost the American farmer who lives within sight of the factories in which they are made.

In spite of the big stick, of constructive jurisprudence and all other jurisprudence, there will be American states enough kept on the map for some time to come to give Americans a place to be born in without sending to the White House for the stork or a federal license.

In so far as the American tariff is the "mother of trusts," to that extent have the American people decreed its revision on lines that will permit an equality of property.



THE AWKWARD AGE

PROBLEM IN DRESSING GIRLS BETWEEN 6 AND 16.

Pronounced Styles and Colors to Be Avoided—Soft Mixtures Better Than Wide Checks or Plaids—Surplice Jumper.

Dressing girls between 6 and 16 is every mother's problem. Very few girls strike a pleasing medium. Either they are all angles or all curves, rarely a happy combination of the two.

The angular girl seems all legs and arms. The heavy-set girl is an animated pincushion, resisting all motherly attempts to imbue her raiment with grace or personality.

But as this particular problem of motherhood must be solved, let us do

Soft, indefinable mixtures are always better for the awkward age than pronounced patterns of any sort. A small conventional figure on a single-tone ground is also better than wide checks or plaids.

The wash goods this spring are especially fancy, and it is a wise mother who turns her back on these gay stripes, checks, plaids and borders for her girls' 'twixt 6 and 16. Pronounced patterns of any sort, and especially in striking colorings, are an extravagance, for they do not wear so well because of sun and tubbing, as the simpler, plainer designs. Then, too, a child soon tires of the frock that is too pronounced.

The prettiest white materials for best wear this season are the figured Swisses and barred dimities, lawns and batistes. These require very little embroidery or lace for trimming, and are most becoming to girls, both tall and short. For simpler suits, especially for school or play, there are cotton voiles, percales, linens and galatea cloth in light weight and lovely ginghams and zephyr cloths.

What is known as the natural tone, i. e., a strong cerise, is much used by economical mothers because it does not show dirt and does not fade in washing. It comes in almost all wash goods, and may be trimmed with pinpoints or wash braids of a contrasting color such as white, brown, red or blue. Blue-gray chambrays, trimmed with wash braids or stripes of white embroidery, remain very good this season.

For afternoon frocks, grenade designs are shown, and these include striped muslins and lawns, with a satin finish in one stripe and a lace effect in the other.

Unquestionably this remains a season of overblouses and jumpers for growing girls, and plaids seem to be more popular than shirtings or ruffles.

For outdoor wraps, cutaways are shown for girls near 16, but for those nearer six, the box coat remains in favor. The newest hats for girls, as for their mothers, are huge, flat-crowned sailors trimmed with big bows or wreaths of flowers. The shape is extremely trying to both thin-faced and moon-faced girls.

Brown shoes, ties and hosiery remain in style, and the ugly custom of wearing white stockings with black shoes or ties is dying a natural death.

Our illustration shows a surplice jumper which can be developed in almost any fabric, light-weight wool, velvet, silk or tub material.

The costume from which it was drawn was made from natural-toned pongee trimmed with a novelty braid showing tan, brown and gold. The guimpe was of ecru dotted net and the girl was of silk like the jumper. The tucked blouse and skirt are most becoming to a slender figure.



Surplice Jumper.

It without further delay. The general effect of a frock for a growing girl, be she thin or stout, is regulated largely by the selection of the fabric. The stout girl should never be encased in a startling plaid or even a medium-sized check, but both of these are becoming to the thin girl.

On the other hand, the very thin girl should never be dressed in stripes nor snug-fitting clothes. The thin girl may wear a frock much trimmed with fluffy ruffles and rose plaiting, but braid and flat knife plaitings are for her roly-poly sister.

PLUMES STIFFENED WITH WIRE.

New Method of Keeping Ostrich Feathers in Position.

Ostrich plumes are fastened in an entirely new way. The drooping effects are not detroned, but the straight positions that add so much to the height of the hat are considered smarter, and to obtain these the plumes are stiffened with fine silk wire.

Another new trimming of charmingly decorative value for spring hats is a chon formed of four or five layers of chiffon or mousseline in different light tones. The effect of this filmy opalescent affair is absolutely delightful and nothing more graceful and dainty could be selected.

Something entirely new and just as simple as it is pretty is the new cravat bow used by French modistes for holding in the desired erect positions ostrich plumes or brush effect aigrettes, and made of velvet or silk ribbon. This charming and unusually effective trifle is generally employed for the new one-side trimming effects that prevail at present, and it does not exclude the use of the popular bead trimmings—Vogue.

Hat in Willow Green and Brown.

Willow green and forest brown straw ribbon—the former glossy, the latter rough dull straw—furnished the material for a very beautiful model of Suzanne. The shape was very odd, a large high-crowned turban, and the trimming consisted of rosettes of the green straw, fastened at either side of the front and connected to small hoops made of small Persian beads. A bunch of fancy shaded brown feathers and a few cabochons in brown and green tones, edged with gold cord, lent further ornamentation—Vogue.

Never arrange your hair without a hand glass. Remember that the side and back view of a coiffure is as important as the front.

SKIRTS MUST BE NARROW.

Edict Necessitates Soft, Satin-Finished Silk for Foundation.

All skirts must be very graceful, but extremely slinky, really narrow, so that the first foundation must be of softest satin-finished silk and only at the hem cause the chiffon interlinings to give any appreciable width or flare. Jet trimming is generally sufficient to cause the skirt to give the present fashionable clinging effect, and care must really be taken that the trimming is not so heavily massed about the end of the skirt as to make walking difficult. In order to insure the wearer in looking just as tall and just as slender as possible the trimming must be laid up and down the skirt, not around it. When this is accomplished with the present fashion of small round waists the underskirt man is made to feel his deformity more than ever among all the divinely tall members of the opposite sex. Tennyson must necessarily have measured six feet or he would never have given the attribute of "divine" to the height of fair Helen of Troy.

BOOK-MARKER.



This pretty little book-marker should be made in quite a small size, in fact, not larger than our illustration. It consists of two pieces of white cardboard cut out in the shape shown. The heart-shaped part is firmly glued together, and it is fitted on to the page we wish to mark in the same manner as a letter clip, the page being between the two pieces of cardboard. On the other sides of the marker some pretty little floral design can be painted, or the monogram of the owner.

Homemade Shoe Polish.

Take four ounces of ivory black, same amount of treacle, sulphuric acid one ounce, best olive oil two spoonfuls, best white wine vinegar, three half pints. Mix the ivory black and sulphuric acid, stirring constantly, pour in the oil, and lastly, add the vinegar. Mix thoroughly.

Meteor Silk.

Meteor silk makes some of the prettiest robes for evening wear. The fabric is soft, clinging and the coloring is wonderful. Those of rose and lavender-mauve are most beautiful. Net is well worn, too, but to have a good effect it must be worked with very coarse floss or chenille. But when a frock is, for instance, of cream net, and the flowers are of all delicate tones, and the hangings from the belt of a contrasting shade—for all the best frocks now employ little scarfs that depend coquettishly from the shoulders or short waist—the gown cannot but be becoming.

Violets Worn on Arms.

No longer does the New York girl have a huge bunch of violets pinned to her corsage. Instead she wears about her glove a band of velvet of green or purple as a bracelet, and to this is securely pinned a rather small bunch of violets, flatteringly. Sometimes there is a gardenia in the center with just a few violets encircling it, and then again there is just an orchid with sufficient violets surrounding it to form a border.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

A Gentle Request.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the personal popularity of horses this year."

"What do you mean?"

"You have a dreadful habit of picking out animals who are favorites before the race and absolutely friendless after."

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Visible Signals.

"Yessum," said Sandy Pikes, as he devoured the wedge of pumpkin pie, "I sternly object to the nefarious practice of clipping off de tails of dogs."

"Ah, I am glad you are so tender-hearted, my poor man," sympathized the good housewife.

"Well, it ain't exactly dat, mum, but when a dog hasn't any tail I can't tell by de ways if he is in a skoo humor or not and it makes me skeery about approaching de house."

Couldn't Spare O'Connell.

Daniel O'Connell had got a man off at one time for highway robbery and at another for burglary; but on the third occasion, for stealing a coasting brig, the task of hoodwinking the jury seemed too great for even his powers of cajolery. However, he made out that the crime was committed on the high seas and obtained an acquittal. The prisoner lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "May the Lord lord spare you, Mr. O'Connell—to me!"

Recommended His Wife.

Irvin Cobb, humorist of New York, was recommended to a lecture management. The latter sought an introduction through a friend, Mr. McVeigh. "Come here, Irvin, I want you to meet a friend of mine," said McVeigh. After a few minutes' conversation, the lecturer man broached the subject of lecturing as follows:

"I was just wondering, Mr. Cobb, what you would think of a proposition to do some lecture work next season?"

Cobb looked at his questioner for just a moment in blank amazement. Evidently such a thought had never entered his head before. Then reaching out his hand confidentially, he said:

"I've got it. My wife will do it. She is the best one I know."—Lyceum and Talent.

An End Missing.

An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war was selected by one of the officers to haul in a towline of considerable length that was towing over the lair. After pulling in 40 or 50 fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself:

"Surely it's as long as to-day and to-morrow. It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or the arm it'll leave at last. What more of it yet? Och, murder! The sea's mighty deep, to be sure!"

After continuing in a similar strain and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and, addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed: "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"—The Pathfinder.

LOST \$300.

Buying Medicine When Right Food Was Needed.

Money spent for "tonics" and "bracers" to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocketbook containing the money.

If the money only is lost it's bad enough, but with loss of health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.

A Mich. young lady lost money on drugs but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:

"I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good."

"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork."

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once and the first week gained four pounds."

"I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Well-Villa," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."